

Strange and Wonderfull

N E W S
F R O M
S A F F R O N - H I L L
I N
L O N D O N :

Being a True and Perfect

RELATION

Of a *Bricklayer* that was Miraculously struck Dumb, on *Thursday* the 19. of *March* last past, as he was at Supper, and still continues in that sad Condition.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. S. in the Year 1674.

George W. Davidson

2

W

E

M

1883





A True and Perfect Relation of a
Bricklayer that was Miraculously
 struck Dumb, on *Thursday* the
 19. of *March* last past, as he was
 at Supper, and still continues in that
 sad Condition.

REason and Speech (*Ratio & Oratio*) are two of the Noblest Ornaments that Heavens Bounty hath bestowed upon Mortals; and the chief differing Characters whereby Man is distinguished from Beasts, Speech without reason becomes *empty insignificant Babble*, Reason without Speech proves but a *solitary unactive faculty*: The first troubles and discomposes Society, the second cannot much improve or benefit it; both conjoined and managed by prudence, make a man, and that man a kind of Natural Miracle; How highly then ought we to prize this Divine Gift, and how much regret and bewail the want of it; or rather how strictly are we obliged both in Gratitude and Interest to make a Holy and Religious use of so rare an endowment, not to abuse it in the Devils drudgery to profaneness, vanity, or lies, but rather in the Service and Praise of the glorious Donor, and promoting those great Attributes of his, Truth and Faithfulness, from whose Sacred dictates we desire not to stray a Tittle or Hairs breadth in the ensuing Narrative, the Substance whereof is too true and well known to stand in need of Fiction, happening lately and near hand in manner following,

— A Person, by Trade a *Bricklayer*, and in quality a *Servant* (whose Name for good Reason we are yet obliged not to divulge, desiring rather to warn or inform others in generall, than prejudice trouble or blast the Reputation of any one in particular) living at *Saffron-hill* near *Holborn* *London*.

Coming home, and being very well to all apparence, as he was at Supper with his Mistress whom he served on *Thursday* the 19. day of *March* now last past, having talkt very freely when he first came in, was all on a sudden taken and smitten wholly and absolutely *Dumb*, unable to utter one word as he sat at the Table, to the great amazement of his Mistress, and all the Family, the rather for that otherwise he seemed well in Health, and all his Senses. In which deplorable Condition of constrained silence he hath remained ever since, without being able to utter one word, save only that on the *Saturday* following being the 21st. of *March*, the strangeness and Terrour of such an unexpected Visitation, having as it is supposed (put him into a high Fever, so that he appeared as if he had been just ready to dye: he was heard almost Twenty times to repeat this Word *Thomas, Thomas, &c.* but of late his Sicknes is much decreased, yet still his dumbness continues, though he has been with several Doctors, for the present they can do him no good, but one being a Practitioner in (that Noble, but much despised, and no less abused Art) *Astrology*, has given him great hopes that in time he shall again be restored to the use of his Tongue; what should be the Reason of such his strange Condition, has been much, though with little satisfaction or certainty inquired into, certain it is Physicians can find no natural apparent Cause, the Organe of Speech seeming all sound and in good order, nor are his Intellectuals impaired.

Some have been apt to think that he is under an Ill Tongue, or (as one Doctor express it) under the Curse of a Woman. 'Tis no part of our business here to start that tired question into Argument, whether there are such things really existent at this day in the World, as Witches in the general signification of the word, as tis usually accepted. Nor shall we undertake Dogmatically to define the Power of those *Envious Haggs*; being equally as ignorant by what Means or Method they proceed to accomplish such Strange Mischiefs, as we are of the ways to Cure and Unravel their destructive Incantments.

Other

Others with more probability of Reason conceive, That this unhappy Young Mans Affliction proceeds from a better hand, and that Providence has Justly struck him Dumb, for having been heretofore too Lavish of his Speech, and false to his Vows: It being credibly reported, That this very Person sometime since pretending an Extraordinary Affection to a young Maid, represented his Passion for her with such a warm Language, and high Protestations of an everlasting Constancy, that the credulous Girl believing such Expressions could not but be sincere and proceed from a Heart under the Torments of Love, grew pitifull, and entertained his fained Affection with a reall Flame and Good will, whereupon they were made sure together and Contracted to each other. Notwithstanding all which, He growing acquainted of late with another, began much to slight his former Love, and all the promises he had so solemnly made to her, In which posture their affairs stood when this remarkable accident happened to him.

But this may be only the vain surmisings of some over-busie Tongues, we have no Warrant to dive into the Secrets of the Almighty, or limit the unsearchable Actions of Providence to Causes according to our own Imagination. Yet give me leave from hence to give a brief Admonition to Young Persons of either Sex (for it is more then probable both are equally to blame) to have a care how they trifle away their Protestations, slight their Vows, and break solemn Promises; 'Tis too true, that changable Colours are all the Mode, The fickle humour the Fashion; and to pretend Love to a thousand persons at the same time, with the the same Oaths and Protestations become a prime peice of Gallantry, that Text of the Poet being lookt upon as Orthodox by Loves modern Casuists,

*Jove unconcerned sits in the Azure Skies,
And does but laugh at Lovers Perjuries.*

Yet no less, True it is for all this. That as all disloyalty and breach of promise is a part of Baseness, so in no case does it appear so unworthy and abominable as in those of Love and Marriage, when Cupid is made Pimp for Pluto, and Falshood wears the Livery of Affection, 'Tis an infallible mark of a Vile temper that delights first
to

to inveigle a person into Fools Paradise of Dotage, and then disdain and laugh at the Credulous unfortunate; The Vows of Lovers are not put (as some Heathen Wits have fancied) in a bottomless Bag, or thrown into *Lethe* never to be remembered, but carefully Registered in Heaven, whence Judgments shall descend to punish those that presume to violate them on Earth; though indeed they are sufficiently miserable already in their own Inconstancy, which alone renders them troublesome to themselves, and makes them scorned by all others that are good and generous; For,

*He whose divided Heart doth Piece-meal fly,
And Tinder-like kindles at every Eye,
Continual thoughts of Change disturb his Rest,
And he consumes before he warms his Breast;
But constant Love by mutual Ardour bread,
Crowns every Night with a fresh Maiden-head.
Tremble then flattering Gallants, sure at last,
Vengeance Divine shall all your Follies blast;
For solemn Promises are Sacred Ties,
And Heaven hath Thunderbolts for Perjuries.*

F I N I S.

